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BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.

Strong Medicine

A Comedy in Two Acts

By

ERNEST L. NOON

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.

1918

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1918

Strong Medicine

CHARACTERS

DR. DAVIDSON, *who gives the medicine.*

DR. CHARLES GORDON, *who takes it.*

VIRGINIA CRISP, *a nurse, who makes the taking easy.*

MRS. VAN TILT, *a patient, who is fond of any medicine.*

HENRY, *a hospital orderly, who is beyond all medicines.*

MARY, *a maid who has little to do either with medicines or the plot.*

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.—The office of the Davidson Private Sanitarium.

ACT II.—The garden before Davidson's home.

The time is the afternoon and evening of the same day.



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DEC 31 1918

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Strong Medicine

ACT I

The scene is the office of DR. DAVIDSON's Private Sanitarium. A doorway gives into a sunny hall at the rear of the stage, while at left stage a smaller door leads to other rooms of the Sanitarium. A door at R. opens to the out-of-doors. Close by it stands a settee. A flat-topped desk or table at left stage, littered with medical journals and with a telephone. Behind it a chair. A bookcase stands in the alcove at the rear. Medical charts cover the walls. As the curtain rises the telephone bell rings and DR. DAVIDSON appears from the door at L. That he is advancing in years is betrayed by the sprinkling of gray hair, but he is so dapper, so energetic, that the fact is overlooked. He wears an immaculate white coat.

DAVIDSON (*suavely into the 'phone*). Dr. Davidson's Private Sanitarium—Dr. Davidson, himself, speak—(*his voice changing as he recognizes his daughter's voice*) o-oh—hello, Kitty, is this you? Now don't scold father—of course I know your voice. (*A pause.*) U-m, well, we all have our little ways, you know. See here, Kitty, I'm sorry you turned down young Gordon when he proposed this morning. He's a nice young fellow—I like him. He leaves for training camp to-morrow. Yes, yes, I know, but proposals don't grow on every bush. You've got to make allowances in war times. Um, I see. You are over at Peg's. Get back in time for dinner this evening. You won't! (*Reproachfully.*) Now, that's

a pretty way to talk to your father. Don't get home too late, child. Whose car is it? Young Lewis—why, I thought young Lewis was at camp? A furlough, eh, with a friend? Well—ah—(*enthusiastically*) I'll tell you what I'll do. When you all come over this evening I'll have a bit of a party ready. Informal, you know. Just a few of our friends. You—just—leave—it—to—Dad. Good-bye. (*He pushes back the 'phone and rings a bell.*) That girl is too much for me. (*He walks slowly across the stage.* MISS CRISP *appears from the door at L. She is very prim in her nurse's costume but attractive in her primness.*) Well, I'll invite Gordon and give him one more chance. (*Wheeling upon the nurse.*) Oh, Miss Crisp! Has Dr. Gordon come in?

MISS CRISP. Not yet, Doctor.

DAVIDSON. Hu-um, not yet. (*Glancing at his watch.*) It's three o'clock.

MISS CRISP. I hope nothing has happened to Dr. Gordon. I was standing in the hall when he left the hospital this morning, and he had such a worried look. It frightened me.

DAVIDSON. Yes, he was worried. He had just lost something.

MISS CRISP (*earnestly*). Oh, I hope he found it again.

DAVIDSON. No; he lost an engagement.

MISS CRISP (*brightly*). That was the reason he was hurrying so fast!

DAVIDSON (*stepping up to MISS CRISP and wagging his finger at her vigorously*). No, that wasn't it at all. Now you are a young lady—don't contradict me. I have a question to ask. Would you, or would you not—the answer is not—accept a young man who proposed to you in the morning?

MISS CRISP (*puzzled*). In the morning?

DAVIDSON (*with increased vigor*). In the morning! R-r-reeking with antiseptic, clothes all gee-hawed forty ways for Sunday, bandages sticking out of one pocket and scissors, knives and saws sticking out of the other, hair all tousled, rubber gloves on his hands—proposing in a hospital between operations.

MISS CRISP (*with a little catch in her voice*). And she accepted?

(*As she speaks she crosses DAVIDSON and comes down stage at R.*)

DAVIDSON. No, of course she didn't accept. Who would accept? You wouldn't accept! I wouldn't accept! Nobody would accept! (*He waves an accusing finger at GORDON who has just appeared at the door on R. GORDON has as yet failed to acquire the professional mien. He is boyish, his face frank and open.*) Gordon, you are a fool!

GORDON (*tossing down his hat*). Well, you needn't rub it in.

DAVIDSON. Proposing to a girl—my daughter—in the morning. R-r-r-reeking with antiseptic, clothes all ge-hawed forty ways for Sunday, bandages sticking out of one pocket and the Lord knows what out of the other—proposing in a hospital between operations. (*He strides to the extreme L. MISS CRISP drops back stage and quietly arranges the books in the rack.*) You ought to be in a lunatic ward. Of course my daughter turned you down. Anybody's daughter would turn you down, I don't care if you were the Tsar of Siberia or Douglas Fairbanks.

GORDON (*slowly*). I can't explain it.

DAVIDSON. I can.

GORDON. I had just finished an operation—Mrs. Tomkin's tonsils it was—(*enthusiastically*) and most extraordinary tonsils they were, too, Doctor, the largest, the finest, the longest —

DAVIDSON (*with a roar*). Oh, hang the tonsils!

GORDON. Well, I had just taken out the tonsils when I looked up and there she was. (*As though he sees her before him.*) The sun came glinting through her golden hair. Her eyes shone like stars —

DAVIDSON. Did you tell her that?

GORDON. No. That was what I was thinking to myself.

DAVIDSON. It's a good thing you didn't. (*Sarcastic-*

ally.) She might have accepted you. Tell her you were going to camp to-morrow?

GORDON. Of course not! She knows that already.

DAVIDSON. Well, what did you tell her?

GORDON (*patiently*). Why, I said I had just taken out Mrs. Tomkin's tonsils—and then I asked her to marry me.

(DAVIDSON *throws up his hands in disgust and crosses to right stage*. MISS CRISP *goes out quietly*.)

DAVIDSON. O-o-oh! It must be his youth. (*Confidentially while GORDON sits on the corner of the desk*.) Now see here, I'd like you to marry my daughter. But she has to be managed. All women have to be managed. They're like horses. Now when you proposed this morning you had to be disqualified. You bolted the ticket. You didn't play according to the rules of International Law. What else could she do? Now, let me give you some advice. (*As GORDON attempts to rise he pushes him back*.) Don't be afraid! It's free. I know all about marriages. I'm what you might call a matrimonial authority. I've married enough women in my time to make ten men unhappy. The thing you want to do when you propose to a girl is to stack the cards—so—you—can't—lose.

GORDON. That's impossible!

DAVIDSON. No, it isn't! If you have the proper conditions, there's not a woman on earth can turn you down. Not one! Take moonlight for example.

GORDON (*laughing*). Now you're joking. Well, I can take a joke.

(*He swings his legs carelessly against the desk and stares straight ahead*.)

DAVIDSON. Ah, but the point is to have the girl take you. (*GORDON starts*.) You take moonlight, I say, a fine yellow, golden moonlight that warms up your heart and makes you want to reach out and cuddle something. That's the stuff that marriages are made of. Why, I've made all my proposals by moonlight.

GORDON (*amazed*). Do you mean to say that a proposal should be all mapped out ahead of time as though you are staging a play?

DAVIDSON. That's exactly what I mean. All life is a stage.

GORDON. I don't believe it!

DAVIDSON. Read your Shakespeare. Look at my office if you want an example. (*Gesticulating.*) What do you think those charts are for up there on the wall? You don't think I ever read them, do you? Why do I have all these medical journals cluttering up my desk? Why do I make my patients wait five minutes before I let them in?

MISS CRISP (*who has entered and come down-stage to lay a book on the desk*). It is true, Dr. Gordon. I've heard that the playwrights have their audience analyzed. If you want a thrill (*clapping her hands smartly*) bang goes a pistol, or a woman screams, or perhaps the lights go out. If it's emotion you're after, soft music comes wobbling out from underneath the stage.

DAVIDSON (*brightly*). Make a note of that, Miss Crisp. We'll have music to-night. (*MISS CRISP scribbles vigorously on a pad.*) Here's the point, Gordon; your audience always swallows the bait.

GORDON. But that's not life. That's the stage.

DAVIDSON. That's life, I tell you. Women are like porcupines. You have to rub them the right way. A girl looks forward all her life to marriage.

MISS CRISP (*over her shoulder as she walks back-stage*). Not all girls!

DAVIDSON (*regarding her out of the corner of his eye*). And the ones that tell you that they don't are using a telescope behind your back. (*Strutting back and forth.*) But she sees just what she wants to see—a romantic figure dominating a romantic scene. (*With the utmost scorn.*) Here you trot up in the morning and propose those operations. Will she take you?

GORDON. }

DAVIDSON. }

No-o!

DAVIDSON (*argumentatively*). You're the same old pal she's seen around this office for the last two years.

You are not the super-man of her dreams. (*Solemnly.*)
And when it comes to dreaming, give me a woman.

GORDON. What does she see when you propose at night?

DAVIDSON. It isn't what she sees. It's what she doesn't see. She doesn't see you.

GORDON. What——

DAVIDSON. Oh, you can't expect to match up alongside a woman's ideal. The thing to do is to leave it to the moonlight and the music and your uniform and let her own imagination do the rest.

GORDON. By George, I believe you're right.

DAVIDSON. Of course I'm right. I tell you, I know. Now, I'm giving a little party at my home to-night. You are to have one more chance. Get that almanac!

(GORDON *scurries back to the bookcase.* MISS CRISP *hands him the almanac.*)

GORDON. I have it!

DAVIDSON. Is there a moon?

GORDON (*turning pages feverishly*). Moon—moon—(*triumphantly*) there's a grand one!

DAVIDSON. Good! Providence is with us. Have you a uniform?

MISS CRISP. It was delivered here to-day. Henry was trying it on a while ago.

DAVIDSON. Wear it to-night. Swell out your chest—swagger a bit—bubble over with patriotism—say all the old things—compliment everybody—and you're sure to make a hit. Now we must have music.

MISS CRISP. I think I've heard Henry play the violin.

DAVIDSON. Henry—hu-um. We'll get Henry.

(*Takes a few steps towards the door.*)

GORDON (*to MISS CRISP*). I'll wager that's what we heard the other night when we thought a baby was crying.

DAVIDSON. { He-ey, Henry!

GORDON.

DAVIDSON (*counting on his fingers*). Moon, uniform, music——

(HENRY *saunters on from the door at L.* HENRY is *very tall, very thin, with a melancholy countenance and a sepulchral voice.*)

HENRY. Did I hear some one call?

DAVIDSON (*dryly*). You did.

GORDON. Henry, we want to show our appreciation of your untiring and indefatigable toil, so we are going to invite you to a party to-night. Bring your fiddle.

HENRY. Do you mean my violin?

GORDON. Either! How about those two negro waiters in the children's ward? They play something, don't they?

HENRY (*sadly*). I'm sorry about that. I've engaged them to play at an Irish wake.

DAVIDSON (*slipping a coin into HENRY's eager hand*). But perhaps you can arrange differently.

HENRY. Leave it to me! (*Stalking to the door.*) I'll arrange it. (*He goes out.*)

DAVIDSON (*triumphantly*). There. That's settled. We'll have music. I never yet heard of a proposal made to music that failed. Did you?

GORDON. No! I never did.

(*He walks slowly across stage.*)

DAVIDSON (*suddenly struck by a new thought*). How about perfumery?

GORDON (*wheeling about fiercely*). No you don't. I'll stand for the moonlight, and I'll stand for the uniform, and I'll stand for the music, but I'll be hanged if I'll stand for perfumery. When it comes to leading a woman into marriage by the nose I—draw—the—line.

MISS CRISP. Come, come! Be a sport! The Doctor knows more about these things than you do. A man should leave no stone unturned to get the woman he loves.

GORDON (*unconvinced*). Yes, and after he gets her who is going to put the stones back again?

DAVIDSON (*excitedly*). See here! You've got to kill that antiseptic. No girl wants to marry a hospital. And for heaven's sake don't say anything about anybody's

tonsils or adenoids or the appearance of their epiglottis or the condition of Mrs. Tiddlewink's fibula. It's not done, you know. What you want is a fervid, impassioned appeal suited to the occasion.

GORDON (*wildly*). But I can't do that. I don't know what to do. I don't know what to say. I never made love to anybody. Miss Crisp, help me, can't you?

MISS CRISP (*helplessly*). Oh, I can't, Doctor. I don't know how!

DAVIDSON (*snatching up a bright red volume from the desk*). This book is just the thing. I can't tell you how many good things I've gotten from this book. (*Extending the book towards GORDON and then towards MISS CRISP he tosses it upon the desk as they reach to take it.*) Take it! Read it! It will do you good and make everything easy. A proposal without pep is like champagne without fizz.

GORDON (*reading*). "Drops from a Bleeding Heart."

DAVIDSON. You see, it appeals to the medical man.

GORDON. Chapter One, "How to Flirt." Chapter Two, "How to Win a Wife." Chapter Three, "How to Get Married." Chapter Four, "How to Raise a Baby." Chapter Five, "How to Get a Divorce."

DAVIDSON. You see! It's all there. An invaluable book. (*Snatching it from GORDON's hands.*) Now, here is a good passage. You better memorize this. "When I first gazed into your luminous eyes"—you can substitute the right adjective for eyes—gray, green, or brown—"When I first gazed into your luminous eyes my heart stopped beating in my breast." There's passion for you!

GORDON. That's unscientific. I appeal to you as a physician. I appeal to you, Miss Crisp, as a nurse. It can't be done!

DAVIDSON (*peering through the central portal*). Sh-h! Here comes Henry with Mrs. Van Tilt.

GORDON (*in disgusted tones*). What is the matter with that woman?

DAVIDSON. Not a thing! She is a society mogul and wanted an operation—a fashionable operation—so I gave her one. The fee was five hundred dollars.

(GORDON whistles and saunters to right stage. MISS CRISP drops back to stand by MRS. VAN TILT when she comes on stage.)

MRS. VAN TILT (*off stage*). Have a care, Henry! You'll kill me!

HENRY (*off stage*). Ma'am, you would make a lovely corpse.

(*He pushes MRS. VAN TILT into the room in a rolling chair. MRS. VAN TILT is one of the rarer flowers of society's hothouse. She is fairly well advanced in years but still clings tenaciously to youth. She is attired in an elaborate negligée.*)

DAVIDSON. How do you do?

GORDON (*pleasantly*). I am glad to see you looking so well.

MRS. VAN TILT (*almost tearfully*). Oh, do you think I look well? I am so sorry.

DAVIDSON (*quickly*). An error, Mrs. Van Tilt, a mistake. You undoubtedly show the deepest signs of the—shall we say, terrific ordeal you have been through.

MRS. VAN TILT (*brightening*). Oh, I am so glad you think so. I passed a most uneasy night. I didn't sleep a wink—and then I had such horrible dreams. I thought my husband was alive again.

DAVIDSON (*solemnly*). That *was* terrible.

MRS. VAN TILT. One has such dreams when one has been through the ether—does one not?

DAVIDSON (*absently*). One do!

MRS. VAN TILT. Did I hold up under the ether, Doctor?

DAVIDSON. Oh, yes, there was plenty of holding up.

GORDON. If it had not been for Miss Crisp here—

MRS. VAN TILT. I knew I would be heroic under the knife. The traditions of our family demanded it. My ancestors fought in the Revolution.

HENRY. She's not a patient. She's an event.

MRS. VAN TILT. And what was my operation?

DAVIDSON (*solemnly*). Chronofacations of the convoluted splanknicords.

MRS. VAN TILT. Oh, is that not wonderful? I understand that very few people, very, very few have had it before.

DAVIDSON. Very, very, very few—and they only of the elect.

MRS. VAN TILT (*clasping her hands*). And what did you extract from me?

GORDON (*artlessly*). Five hundred dollars!

MRS. VAN TILT. Five hundred dollars?

GORDON. Yes—er—I'd give five hundred dollars to know what he took from you, Mrs. Van Tilt.

MRS. VAN TILT (*to DAVIDSON*). What was it, Doctor?

DAVIDSON. We took out the osculatory vibrations of the tintinnabulating Ukranian Diet.

MRS. VAN TILT. Oh, do you not love to hear him say it! Do you know when I first came into the office I was afraid he would not be able to find anything at all the matter with me. But as soon as he looked at me he discovered something. Cle-ever man! (*DAVIDSON beams insanely into space.*) I can hardly wait until I get back to the Club and the Red Cross League. Now when the ladies start talking about their operations—won't I have a lot to say? (*Her eyes lighting on "Drops from a Bleeding Heart" which is lying on the desk.*) What is the pretty book? A medical volume, no doubt.

DAVIDSON (*hurriedly*). No, no—not a medical volume. (*Both GORDON and DAVIDSON gesticulate wildly at HENRY, who contemplates the book quietly for several moments and then calmly hands it to MRS. VAN TILT. DAVIDSON and GORDON move towards MRS. VAN TILT'S chair.*) No, not exactly a medical volume.

MRS. VAN TILT (*reading*). "Drops from a Bleeding Heart." (*Triumphantly.*) I knew it was a medical volume. Chapter One, "How to Flirt." (*Coquettishly.*) Doct-or!

DAVIDSON (*unhappily*). Mrs. Van Tilt ——

GORDON (*attempting to explain*). Oh, I assure you it was left here. It was left here by a bony man with tall nose-glasses, I mean—that is—a nosey man with tall bone-glasses —— (*Wildly, to HENRY, who remains im-*

passive.) Ah—er—that is—Henry, who was that glassy man with tall nose bones you let in this morning?

HENRY (*thoughtfully*). Do you mean the Reverend Doctor Bibleback?

GORDON (*in despair*). No—no—it couldn't have been the Reverend Bibleback. (*Rushing to right stage.*) Oh, who could have brought in that book?

MRS. VAN TILT (*reading*). "How to Win a Wife."

DAVIDSON (*winking at MISS CRISP, who fails to catch his signal*). Miss Crisp—you didn't bring that book, I hope?

MRS. VAN TILT (*looking up from her book just in time to catch the wink and returning it with interest*). "How to Get Married."

MISS CRISP. No, Doctor, I put it right back in your coat pocket, just where I found it.

(DAVIDSON is overwhelmed.)

MRS. VAN TILT (*playfully*). Oh, I'm on to your little ways. You widowers are all alike. I remember when I took on Mr. Van Tilt. We were at a restaurant. The band was playing something and there was the most heavenly odor in the air—(DAVIDSON and MISS CRISP nod energetically at GORDON)—and Mr. Van Tilt said, "Let's have something to drink!"

DAVIDSON. Pst! Pst! Write it down.

(GORDON scribbles in his note-book.)

MRS. VAN TILT. And that is all I remember, except Mr. Van Tilt swore he proposed and I must have accepted, because we got married soon after. He was a dear man but (*shaking her finger roguishly at DAVIDSON*) a gay deceiver.

DAVIDSON. The fact is, Mrs. Van Tilt, I bought this book for Gordon.

GORDON. For me!

HENRY. Passing the book!

DAVIDSON. Gordon has a little problem in matrimony and we are all helping him to solve it. I'm giving a little party at my home to-night. Won't you join us?

MRS. VAN TILT. Oh, Doctor, how can I? I am so sick.

DAVIDSON. That's all right. Henry will roll you up, won't you, Henry?

HENRY. I'll be there, with the two coons, the fiddle and Mrs. Van Tilt.

DAVIDSON. Good! Now we need another girl. (*His eyes lighting on* MISS CRISP.) The very thing! Miss Crisp, are you engaged?

MISS CRISP. You embarrass me.

DAVIDSON. No, no—I mean for to-night.

MISS CRISP. No, Doctor.

DAVIDSON. Then you'll come too. Don't deny it!

GORDON. Oh, please come, Miss Crisp. You've been such a sport, you know, and stood by me in all the operations and all that sort of thing and now—when I need you most—don't go back on me.

MISS CRISP. Very well. I shall be glad to come.

GORDON (*relieved*). I knew you would. Now everything will be all right.

DAVIDSON. Then it is all arranged. Gordon, you better come up early to get the lay of the land. Good-bye then, until to-night.

(*He bustles out through the door at R.*)

MRS. VAN TILT (*watching him off*). The clever man!

GORDON (*to* MISS CRISP). I'm so glad you are coming. I'm frightfully rattled. Now you know—if I should propose to you in the morning—in a hospital—you wouldn't accept me—would you?

MISS CRISP. Doctor—I—I —

GORDON. No! Of course you wouldn't! But at night—to-night, to be exact—then, it's a different proposition. Then I couldn't get turned down. Then I couldn't possibly get turned down. Now, if I should propose to you to-night, what could I say so you couldn't possibly turn me down?

MISS CRISP (*sharply*). I think the less you'd say, the better.

(She goes out quickly through the door at L.)

MRS. VAN TILT. Well, for a solid gold, twenty-four carat, out and out fool, give me a man. Roll me out, Henry.

(GORDON strides to desk and picks up "Drops from a Bleeding Heart" as the curtain falls.)

CURTAIN

ACT II

The scene is the garden before DAVIDSON'S home; the time is the evening of the same day. At R. may be seen the veranda, half hidden by bushes and tree-branches. Chairs are arranged on the veranda, or before, as may be convenient. A garden bench stands down stage and to L. A wall or hedge runs across stage at the rear. There is a gate at C. Moonlight floods in from R. As the curtain rises, GORDON, in uniform, closely followed by the two negroes, comes striding through the gate. In one hand GORDON brandishes a yardstick, in the other he holds his notebook. They are evidently making preparations for the proposal and go off quickly to L. After a short pause MISS CRISP runs out from the house.

MISS CRISP. How lovely everything is! Why, it is like a peep into fairy-land. And the moon is outshining herself to-night to make the plan a success. Lady Moon, I fear we never were the best of friends. (*To MARY, the maid, who has just appeared from the house.*) Mary, here is the veranda and there is the moon. All you have to do when Dr. Gordon gives the signal is to ask Miss Kittie to step out and enjoy the moonlight.

MARY. Yis, mum. I'll do me best. (*GORDON stalks on from L.*) Glory be to Hivin, look at that!

GORDON (*reading from "Drops from a Bleeding Heart"*). "When first I gazed into your luminous eyes my heart stopped beating in my breast" (*he shakes his head moodily*), stopped beating—hu-m. "From that moment forth I have been a changed man and you have been the center of my universe. Your golden hair, your dancing eyes, the soft sweet tremor of your voice have all enthralled me. Darling, will you be mine?" (*Dis-*

satisfied with this rendition he drops upon one knee before a tree.) Darling, will you be mine? (*Making another attempt.*) No—no. Darling, will you be mine?

(*He rises to his feet shaking his head dejectedly.*)

MISS CRISP (*to DAVIDSON, who has just entered and is gazing in astonishment at GORDON*). Poor, poor fellow. He is trying to memorize his lines.

GORDON (*reading*). "For I shall be faithful, yea, faithful even unto the tomb."

DAVIDSON. I just got a 'phone call from Kittie. She won't be here for an hour yet. She is out motoring with friends.

MISS CRISP (*with a significant glance at GORDON*). The longer we have the better.

GORDON (*reading*). "There comes a time when love must out!" (*Catching sight of MISS CRISP and DAVIDSON.*) Oh—how-de-do! How are you? (*Indignantly.*) See here, I'm sick of this! I think the whole affair is disgusting. If I had my way I'd pack up and go home.

DAVIDSON (*reassuringly*). There, there, old man, you are all worked up.

GORDON (*extending his wrist, which is shaking like a leaf, for the inspection of DAVIDSON and MISS CRISP*). No, I'm not! Feel my pulse. It's as calm as steel. Calm as steel.

DAVIDSON. Everything is all right. Look about you. Look at that moon. Things can't go wrong. Now, I just received a 'phone call from Kittie. She is out in the car but she'll be in about half-past nine. The boys will enjoy the party. They are going back to camp tomorrow.

GORDON. Well, the sooner we get it over with, the better. This stuff keeps slipping out of my mind every time I shake my head.

DAVIDSON. Don't be a calamity howler. Everything will be all right!

MISS CRISP. I have arranged everything I can think of. I have sorted out the music and I have told Mary what she is to do. It just takes a blast from your whistle to start everything running to a successful conclusion.

GORDON (*slowly*). But I'm not so sure I want everything running to a successful conclusion. One minute I'm afraid I'm going to lose and the next minute I'm afraid I'm going to win.

DAVIDSON (*suspiciously*). What do you mean?

GORDON. I mean just this. When I proposed to Kittie this morning it seemed the only thing to do. There she stood with a smile on her face and her yellow curls tumbling down in a kind of golden halo. It seemed that the natural thing, the only thing for a man to do was to step up and ask her to be his wife. But things have changed since then. You have reduced everything to a cold-blooded operation. A matter of formulæ. Of things to say and things to do. You have cut out all romance on my part and you have made me nothing but a manikin who takes his lines from a printed book.

DAVIDSON. Nonsense, man! You take the thing too seriously. Wait until you see Kittie standing in the moonlight.

GORDON. That's just the trouble. Kittie's place should be forever in the moonlight. She's only a pretty child, you know, playing about in a fairy world of moonbeams and the dust of stars. Laughter, pretty things to look at and pretty things to hear should be her lot forever and I dread the time when I must bring her down to the grim realities of the life of a physician and a soldier. Oh, I know I'm rattled.

DAVIDSON (*cheerfully*). That's a good sign. Lovers are always rattled.

MISS CRISP (*with spirit*). You have thrown down the gauntlet. Now you must see it through.

GORDON. I know, old friends, and I will do my best. I have our musicians planted over here in the bushes. Have a look at them, if you will. [They go out at L.

(HENRY saunters in from the house. He is about to light his cigar when a shrill scream comes over the wall, followed by another and another. HENRY scowls, drops his match and strides off-stage, soon to reappear wheeling MRS. VAN TILT. She is attired in an evening gown.)

MRS. VAN TILT. O-o-o-oh! Catch me, somebody! Catch me! I'm going to wake up.

HENRY (*coolly, as he lights his cigar*). I gotcha, ma'am.

MRS. VAN TILT (*gazing up soulfully*). Oh, Henry, is it you?

HENRY (*drazeling*). It's me!

MRS. VAN TILT. Roll me a bit! Roll me up and down through the night air! I am so disturbed—my nerves are all upset. I just had a horrible dream. I thought Mr. Van Tilt was back again.

HENRY (*solemnly*). If Mr. Van Tilt was back again, he'd "roll his own." Here we go.

(*He wheels her slowly down right stage.*)

MRS. VAN TILT. I have been through such an ordeal. I am a very sick woman. I am afraid that some time I shall wake up to find myself in heaven.

HENRY. Don't let that danger worry you, ma'am. Hold on tight. We are going around a curve.

MRS. VAN TILT. I feel so melancholy and depressed this evening. One does feel melancholy when one has been face to face with the Great Eternity.

HENRY (*very much interested*). Does ya ever think of dyin', ma'am?

MRS. VAN TILT. Ah, when one has been through the ether one thinks of many things.

HENRY (*with growing interest*). You're pretty far gone? A-tremblin' on the brink of the Great Abyss, as the saying goes?

MRS. VAN TILT. I am a very sick woman. I have been through a terrible ordeal and I know not at what moment the flame of my life may be snuffed out.

HENRY. You are right; it's the common lot, this snuffin' out. Life's a disease and death is the only cure.

MRS. VAN TILT (*sadly*). Only too true.

HENRY (*vehemently*). The Grim Reaper will be met. (*With stiff but energetic gestures.*) He's always a-hangin' around jist outside the door. (*Bending over* MRS. VAN TILT.) You are a-lookin' especial bad this evenin', ma'am.

MRS. VAN TILT (*drawing back in her chair*). You frighten me, Henry.

HENRY. Don't let me, ma'am. I'm workin' up to the gist of me argument, and it's all for your own good.

MRS. VAN TILT. What do you mean?

HENRY (*dramatically*). Ma'am, I'm for efficiency. I'm for preparedness. I'm for reaching out me helping arm to me weaker brethren. There's a heart as beat inside the breast of Henry, there is, ma'am. And when I see the patients, the poor young critters a-standin' on the threshold of life's door, and the po-o-or old gentlemen and ladies (*thrusting his head at* MRS. VAN TILT) a-grouped about the back exit—when I sees them dyin' like flies about me in the Sanitarium, I says to meself, "Henry, something must be done." (*Producing a card.*) Ma'am, I humbly begs your leave to present me business card.

MRS. VAN TILT (*bewildered*). Your card?

HENRY. Yes, ma'am, me business occupation which I runs on the side of me work in the Sanitarium.

MRS. VAN TILT (*reading*). "Henry Graved Igger. Select Cemetery Lots and Assorted Tombstones." (*With a little scream.*) Heaven help us!

HENRY (*earnestly*). Not a word, ma'am. There's a heart as beats in Henry's breast, and a heart of self-sacrifice and compassion it is, too. Besides, I get me a commission.

MRS. VAN TILT (*terrified*). Stop! Won't you stop!

HENRY (*completely overwhelming her with his voice*). Death is a Great Commoner. When we is alive one-half the world don't know how we live, but when we is dead, everybody can see our tombstone. Now, ain't it so?

MRS. VAN TILT. I shall faint!

HENRY (*alarmed*). Now don't faint till I gets through or you'll miss the opportunity of a lifetime. I'm connected with a select little cemetery and I'm going to sell you, on the most reasonable of terms, the nicest little lot as you would ever want to lie in. I've had me eye on you—and I'm of the opinion that what you want is a plain—gray—shaft.

MRS. VAN TILT (*screaming*). A shaft!

HENRY. Yes, ma'am, a shaft.

MRS. VAN TILT (*attempting to wheel off her chair*).
I'll hear no more.

HENRY (*pleadingly as he draws back her chair*).
Consider, ma'am.

MRS. VAN TILT. I'll not consider! Let me go!

HENRY (*droningly*). A plain—gray—shaft.

MRS. VAN TILT. Keep away, I say! Keep away!
Keep away! Kee-p away! (*Springing from the chair
she rushes wildly to right stage closely followed by
HENRY; then careens across stage just in time to tumble
into the arms of GORDON, who has just entered.*) O-o-oh,
Dr. Gordon! Save me!

GORDON (*quite rattled, his arms sticking out like
props*). "Aye, faithful unto the tomb!"

MRS. VAN TILT (*rushing from his arms*). The tomb!
The tomb! (*Shrinking as she catches sight of HENRY.*)

GORDON. I mean—"When I first gazed into your
luminous eyes"—no, I don't mean that at all!

MRS. VAN TILT (*rushing back into his arms*). I
knew you would save me.

GORDON (*hysterically*). Oh, it's all wrong, Mrs. Van
Pelt—er, Mrs. Van Smelt—I tell you—I tell you—"since
I first saw you I am a changed man."

MRS. VAN TILT (*making herself comfortable in his
arms*). My protector.

GORDON (*wildly*). I'm not a protector. Mrs. Van
Belt, you are a very ill woman.

HENRY. That's jist what I was a-tellin' her.

MRS. VAN TILT (*shaking her fist at HENRY*). How
dare you say I am ill! How dare you insinuate there is
anything the matter with me! Oh, you ghoul! You
mole! You slimy octopus in a white coat!

(DAVIDSON enters in conversation with MISS CRISP.)

DAVIDSON (*astonished*). Mrs. Van Tilt! Gordon!
What does this mean?

MRS. VAN TILT (*still in GORDON's arms*). Say not
a word, Doctor. The young man is protecting me from
the grave.

DAVIDSON. I don't understand.

GORDON (*unhappily*). Oh, Henry has done something, or heard something, or said something. I don't know what is the matter.

DAVIDSON (*severely*). Henry, what have you been up to?

HENRY (*indignantly*). I? He asks what I've been up to?

MRS. VAN TILT (*to HENRY*). You shroud!

DAVIDSON. None of your capers, Henry. What have you been doing?

HENRY. I wasn't doing anything at all. We was jist discussin', sir—discussin' an' observin'—an' it was a very *grave* subject we was discussin', too.

GORDON. Well, be more careful what you discuss in the future—if this is the result. Mrs. Van Quilt, hadn't you better get back into the chair?

MRS. VAN TILT (*dramatically*). And be rolled into my grave? Ne-ver!

GORDON. But, ah, you must go somewhere.

MRS. VAN TILT. Oh, I can stay here forever!

GORDON (*desperately*). But you know, this won't do. You are a very sick woman.

MRS. VAN TILT. I am not a sick woman. (*All start and look astonished.*) There is nothing whatever the matter with me. (*Tripping forward.*) I am the very picture of rosy health.

GORDON. Oh, everything is wrong. I wish I could go home.

DAVIDSON. Now, Mrs. Van Tilt, the thing for you to do is to come up on the veranda and enjoy the night air. Of course this might be a little hard on a sick woman, but for a person in ro-sy health—it is just the thing. Don't you think so?

MRS. VAN TILT. All right! (*Drawing GORDON by the hand.*) Come, Doctor.

GORDON (*pulling back*). Did you say "come"?

MRS. VAN TILT. Yes, you may sit by me.

GORDON (*aside*). What's the matter with this woman?

DAVIDSON (*coming to the rescue*). Dr. Gordon will be with you shortly. He must polish up his proposal.

MRS. VAN TILT. Now, he doesn't need to polish up. I will make allowances.

GORDON (*horrified*). What do you mean?

MRS. VAN TILT (*pouting*). What do I mean? How can you ask me such a question? Dr. Davidson, himself, told me in the office that you were going to propose to-night—and immediately after he invited me to the party. I thought it was very obvious. And just now you told me you were a changed man and would be faithful unto (*gulping as she glances at HENRY*) the tomb.

HENRY. A—plain—gray—shaft.

GORDON. This is an awful night. (*To MRS. VAN TILT.*) I assure you, Mrs. Van Tilt —

MRS. VAN TILT. Mrs. Van Tilt —

GORDON. Mrs. Van Wilt, I assure you —

DAVIDSON (*to GORDON*). Stop! Do not say anything now. It will only complicate the situation. Let her think what she pleases, it can do no harm. Just resign yourself to luck and to my plan —

GORDON. Oh, hang your plan!

MRS. VAN TILT. Don't be long, young man. (*Coquettishly.*) But I make no promises.

(*She takes MISS CRISP'S arm and retires to the veranda.*)

GORDON (*fiercely to DAVIDSON*). You got me into this. I wish I never had listened to you.

DAVIDSON (*very ill at ease*). No harm has been done yet—no harm has been done yet—no harm has —

GORDON (*sarcastically*). No, no harm has been done yet, with that old she-hippopotamus up there on the porch—ready to pounce on me at any moment.

DAVIDSON (*bridling*). Now, see here, I won't have you calling Mrs. Van Tilt a she-hippopotamus. She is one of my patients, I'll have you understand, and I think she is a fine figure of a woman. Besides she sits in the lap of luxury, and luxury is a mighty easy seat.

GORDON. Well, I don't care whose lap she sits in, she isn't going to sit in mine.

MISS CRISP (*running in between them*). Oh, you are spoiling everything. What would Kittie think to come home and find you quarreling? Dr. Davidson, you have

proposed a plan. It is up to you to see it through. Dr. Gordon, you have thrown down the gauntlet. Are you going to leave it lying and run away?

DAVIDSON (*anxiously*). That's right, Gordon.

MISS CRISP (*laughing*). Tut-tut. For two old friends like you to be quarreling about Mrs. Van Tilt. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves? Think of the many years you have worked side by side, and this is your last night together for a long, long time.

GORDON. You are right, Miss Crisp. My hand, Davidson.

DAVIDSON (*pumping GORDON's hand*). With all my heart. We are all too much excited. Now, to avoid a quarrel, we'll just leave it that I'm right.

MISS CRISP (*hurriedly*). Let us see where we stand. I have talked with Mary and she knows what to do. The grape juice has been prepared and I slipped the wine—oh, just a little—into Miss Davidson's glass. The music has been sorted.

DAVIDSON. We couldn't have had a better little worker.

GORDON. You are a brick, Miss Crisp, a gold brick. I don't know what I would do without you.

DAVIDSON (*brightening*). And with such a night and such a moon you are sure to win. Don't you think so, Miss Crisp?

MISS CRISP. No one could withstand the combination.

GORDON (*rapidly*). Now, here is my plan. At ten o'clock I blow my whistle and the game begins. Mary urges Kittie to go out and look at the moon. Two minutes later I follow and the music starts. At ten-five Mary appears with grape-juice. We drink until ten-eight. From ten-eight until ten-fifteen Patriotism takes the center of the stage. At ten-fifteen the music changes to a slow waltz and Love comes on. At ten-twenty-five I take her hand . . . at ten-twenty-seven I kiss it . . . at ten-twenty-nine I press her lips to mine . . . and at ten-thirty our engagement is announced. The moon shines all the time. (*Triumphantly*.) You see, it is all arranged.

DAVIDSON (*applauding*). Capital! Splendid! You are an efficiency expert if there ever was one. Don't you think it is fine, Miss Crisp?

MISS CRISP. Oh, it's wonderful (*in a lower tone*) if it works.

GORDON. That is just what is bothering me. If—it—works. No matter how carefully you plan a thing, there is always something to trip you up.

DAVIDSON. But nothing can happen to you.

GORDON. Oh, lots of things might happen. I might get stage fright, or she (*pointing in the direction of MRS. VAN TILT*) might butt in, or — (*A great moaning from the violins accompanied by dismal wails breaks out from the bushes on L.*) Merciful Heavens, what is that?

DAVIDSON. Here you! Here you! Stop that! What are you doing?

(HENRY emerges from the bushes, followed by the very tall negro with a very small violin and the very small negro with a 'cello.)

GORDON. Now, what does this mean? (HENRY and the two negroes stare at each other and shuffle from side to side.) Come, come, speak out. Where is that tongue you so love to wag?

HENRY (*sheepishly*). There must have been a leetle mistake—in the time.

GORDON. I guess there was. And in the music, too. I never heard such a racket in all my life.

FIRST NEGRO. We done tole you so, Boss Henry.

(HENRY darts an angry glance at him.)

SECOND NEGRO. We done tole you so.

(HENRY glares in his direction.)

GORDON. Well, what was the matter?

HENRY. Now, don't be hard on us. We gentlemen of the musical persuasion has our leetle eccentricities. There appears to be a slight incongruity. In some strange way we was a-playin' the music from the wake.

GORDON (*throwing up his hands in despair*). I knew

it! Oh, I knew something would go wrong. If it isn't one thing, it will be another.

(*The NEGROES and HENRY shuffle off murmuring, "We done tole you so."* DAVIDSON and MISS CRISP look hopelessly at one another.)

DAVIDSON (*excitedly*). I have heard that when the armies contemplate a drive they plan it all out ahead of time—just as we have done—and then they rehearse it. They rehearse it like a play.

MISS CRISP. That is the very thing. We will have a rehearsal and then, Doctor (*to GORDON*), you may have no fear of the real proposal going wrong.

GORDON. Have we time?

DAVIDSON (*looking at his watch*). We have just half an hour.

GORDON. Good! We will have a rehearsal, for it is the only way we may be sure of ourselves.

MISS CRISP (*calling into the house*). Mary, Mary! come here a moment.

MARY (*coming down the steps*). Yis, mum.

MISS CRISP. Henry, where are you, Henry?

HENRY (*emerging from the bushes*). Always ready, ma'am.

GORDON. We are going to have a rehearsal so we may all know what to do for the real proposal. Keep your watches out and your brains alert. See here, who is going to play the girl? Henry——

HENRY (*backing off*). Not me, sir. I'll play me fiddle.

GORDON. Then—yes—then, Miss Crisp, it is up to you. *You* have always stood by me.

MISS CRISP. I would rather not.

DAVIDSON. The time is passing.

GORDON. Won't you help me out this one more time?

MISS CRISP. I will—and here is my hand on it. I want you to succeed—in everything.

GORDON. I appreciate that.

MISS CRISP. Mary, serve grape-juice this time.

MARY. Yis, mum. (*Aside.*) I will not. There is

plenty of wine in the cellar. (*Coquettishly to GORDON.*) Ah, yez do look gr-rand to-night, Dr. Gordon.

GORDON. Is this another one after me?

(*MARY disappears into the house and HENRY exits L.*)

DAVIDSON (*who has gone back to MRS. VAN TILT*). And now, Mrs. Van Tilt, we will sit quietly here on the veranda and enjoy the rehearsal.

MRS. VAN TILT. To what rehearsal do you refer?

DAVIDSON. Gordon is going to rehearse his proposal.

MRS. VAN TILT. The dear boy goes to too much trouble. I am not a particular woman.

DAVIDSON. There, there, let him have his way. We will watch and see that they do it right.

MRS. VAN TILT (*calling to GORDON*). Do play "Whispering Winds." It just carries me away.

GORDON (*calling off-stage*). Henry, as you love me, play "Whispering Winds." It carries her away!

MISS CRISP. Now we are ready. Mary, are you there?

MARY (*calling from the house*). Yis, mum.

MISS CRISP. Henry!

HENRY (*from the bushes off stage*). Henry is always prepared.

GORDON. Shall I blow the whistle?

MISS CRISP. Do!

(*MISS CRISP runs into the house. GORDON hurries back through the hedge, blowing a shrill blast on his whistle as he goes. After a short pause music begins softly and MARY steps out upon the veranda.*)

MARY (*oratorically*). Yez ought to see the moon-light. It's fallin' all over the place. Step out on the verandie where yez can see it good.

MISS CRISP (*appearing from the house*). Very well, Mary. (*She comes down to the garden bench. MARY disappears in the house.*) It is a jolly moon.

GORDON (*whistling as he comes through the gateway. He stops abruptly upon seeing MISS CRISP*). Why,

hello, Miss Davidson. You are the last person on earth I expected to see out here.

MISS CRISP (*with light sarcasm*). Were you expecting to depart for another planet? It was so stuffy and dull inside that I stepped out to have a bit of a chat with an old friend of mine.

GORDON (*at a loss as to her meaning*). An old friend of yours?

MISS CRISP. Yes, the moon, such a jolly, comfortable old friend — (*Laughing.*) Oh, don't look so serious, you make me want to laugh.

GORDON. It is a very serious occasion.

MISS CRISP (*repentantly*). That is so. And I am a very impudent girl. (*Absently.*) A different expression every time I see —

GORDON. Who has a different expression? What are you talking about?

MISS CRISP. The moon, of course. To-night such a sarcastic look.

GORDON (*completely at sea*). She is a nice moon, so awfully round and—well, yellow. (*Impatiently.*) Now, see here, I'm getting all out of my schedule.

MISS CRISP. I'm sorry. I won't say another word.

GORDON. Now, don't get provoked. Besides, you must say something. I can't say it all.

MISS CRISP. Won't you sit down?

GORDON. Thank you! (*They seat themselves on the bench. MARY appears with glasses on a tray.*) Hello, what's this? (*In affected surprise.*) Grape-juice! There is nothing like grape-juice to warm up the cockles of your heart. (*Handing MISS CRISP a glass.*)

MARY (*aside*). Glory be, he takes this for grape-juice.

DAVIDSON (*from the veranda*). Pst! Pst! Some for us, Mary, please.

MARY. I'm comin', sir.

(*Crosses to DAVIDSON and then disappears into the house.*)

MISS CRISP (*seriously*). I ask you, as a medical man, where are the cockles of the heart located?

GORDON. Ahem—you catch me unprepared. I must think the matter over.

MISS CRISP (*trying a new tack*). A health—to the moon.

GORDON (*waving his glass*). To the moon—may she ever smile as sweetly on us as she does to-night. (*A deep silence follows.*) Ahem . . . ahem . . . ahem . . . Miss Davidson—

MISS CRISP (*encouragingly*). Yes—

GORDON. Ahem . . . Miss Davidson, there comes a time . . . a time . . . a time, I say, when there comes a time—and, Miss Davidson, *that—time—has come!*

MISS CRISP (*brightly*). How neatly you put it. A time has come—good!

GORDON. You do help a fellow out. It would be easy to propose to you. Ahem . . . ahem . . . all my life I shall treasure this moment in my heart. The mellow moonlight, the sweet music wafted through the air, the soft sweet tremor of your voice—not to forget you, yourself—one treasures such thoughts as these when one goes off to camp. (*A short snappy strain of "Yankee Doodle" from the violins after which they relapse into the soft playing of a camping song.*) I am off to camp to-morrow.

MISS CRISP (*forgetting her rôle*). Did you get the sweater I knitted you?

GORDON. I did indeed. I am very proud of it.

MISS CRISP. I'm afraid it isn't long enough.

GORDON. Oh, plenty. I tried it on. Where was I? Oh, yes, I am off to camp to-morrow and from that time on my future will be as drab as the uniform I wear.

MISS CRISP. You look splendid in your uniform—like a general.

GORDON (*flattered*). Do you think so? You do help a fellow out. It is a bit tight around the collar.

MISS CRISP (*regarding him critically*). It isn't bad. (*Looking at the moon.*) The moon looks as though she contemplates French leave.

GORDON. I'm sure she won't. She wouldn't dare. (*A long pause in which only the clinking of the glasses*

can be heard.) Miss Crisp . . . that is, Miss Davidson . . . Kittie . . . may I call you Kittie?

MISS CRISP. If you wish to.

GORDON. And you call me Charlie. You owe me something. (*Glibly.*) I am off to camp to-morrow.

MISS CRISP (*obediently*). Charlie —

GORDON. The first time I gazed into your luminous eyes my heart stopped beating—that's a physiological impossibility, don't you think?

MISS CRISP. Yes, yes, go on.

GORDON (*with great fervor*). And now my heart stops beating every time I see you. Since our first meeting I have been a ruined man—I mean, a changed man. Your golden eyes, your dancing hair, the—oh, everything about you simply overwhelms me. At the merest whisper of your name my heart commences to thunder in my breast, my head sings, my pulse jumps and I am afire all over. Your image is constantly before me. I can speak of nothing, hear nothing, smell, touch or taste nothing, without thinking of you. Virginia —

(*Dropping clumsily to his knees.*)

MISS CRISP. That's *my* name!

GORDON (*springs up indignantly*). I know it! Now you have spoiled everything. I was just beginning to get worked up. How can I do this realistically if you give me no support? Where was I? (*Sitting down again upon the bench.*) Oh, yes! Miss Davidson . . . Kittie . . . Miss Crisp . . . Virginia. Will I—will you—that is, will I be yours? No—no—will you be yours? That is to say, will you be thine? Oh, I'm getting it all twisted. I never was so rattled in all my life.

MISS CRISP (*attempting to comfort him*). It is always that way at first.

GORDON (*excitedly*). It is always this way at first! Do you mean to say that you have heard this before—this guff? Has anybody ever dared — Who is the fellow? Tell me his name —

MISS CRISP. Oh, you mistake me. I mean that

everything is this way at first. Don't you remember your first operation in the Sanitarium?

GORDON. Yes, yes! When I tried to cut off Mrs. Billing's left leg instead of her right. You have helped me out of many a difficulty.

MISS CRISP. I was happy to do it.

GORDON. What a chummy time we have had the last few years. And now camp will end it all. No, I'll be hanged if it will! Virginia ——

(Taking her hands and drawing her to her feet.)

MISS CRISP. Charlie ——

GORDON. Let me diagnose the case. We're in love.

MISS CRISP. Oh, the moonlight is making you say these things, the moonlight and the music.

GORDON. Why, no, it isn't. What have they to do with it? I know who has been my guide all these years, who has stood by me in all my troubles. Virginia, to-morrow I take the first step on the trail that leads to France. Before I go ——

MISS CRISP. No, no, Charlie, we'll take the trail together.

(They embrace. A pause. The music, which has become softer and softer, dies away.)

DAVIDSON *(from the veranda)*. When I first gazed into your luminous eyes ——

MRS. VAN TILT. Oh, you old flatterer!

DAVIDSON. Ah, Mrs. Van Tilt, second marriages are always the best. We have done all our experimenting already.

(HENRY ambles in through the gate.)

HENRY *(calling)*. Dr. Davidson! Where's Dr. Davidson? *(He stops abruptly as he sees GORDON and MISS CRISP, shakes his head sadly and goes off towards right stage.)* Dr. Davidson! A telegram for Dr. Davidson!

DAVIDSON *(coming down from the veranda)*. Who wants me? What is it, Henry?

HENRY. Telegram for you, sir. It came quite a while

ago but I didn't want to interrupt the rehearsal. (*Encouragingly.*) I guess somebody is dead.

DAVIDSON (*to MRS. VAN TILT as he rips open the envelope*). It is from Kittie. What is she up to now? (*Reading.*) "While out motoring, Herbert asked me to marry him. So I did. We are bringing the minister home with us. Blame it on the moon." Always doing something unexpected. Now, she's engaged! No, by George, she's married—married! (*His eyes light on GORDON.*) Gordon—poor old fellow!

GORDON (*to MISS CRISP*). Poor old fellow!

DAVIDSON (*miserably*). Gordon, it will be a hard blow to you——

GORDON. Yes, Doctor.

DAVIDSON. Kittie is—married!

GORDON (*with enthusiasm*). Great! That lets her out. (*Presenting MISS CRISP.*) Davidson, this is my future wife.

DAVIDSON (*always equal to the emergency*). Miss Crisp, Gordon, congratulations with all my heart! (*Looking towards MRS. VAN TILT.*) And this is Mrs. Davidson, the Fifth.

GORDON. Mrs. Van Tilt——

DAVIDSON. She's a fine figure of a woman. (*An automobile horn squeaks loudly.*) There! Kittie's back. Hello-o, Kitty!

GORDON (*to HENRY*). Play something, can't you!

HENRY. What shall I play?

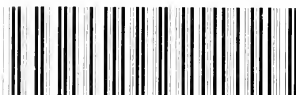
GORDON. Play the Wedding March.

CURTAIN

Plays and Novelties That Have Been "Winners"

| | Males | Females | Time | Price | Royalty |
|---|------------|---------|------------|-------|---------|
| The Americana | | 11 | 1 1/2 hrs. | 25c | Free |
| Anita's Trial | | 11 | 2 " | 25c | " |
| Art Clubs are Trumps | | 12 | 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| Behind the Scenes | | 12 | 1 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| The Camp Fire Girls | | 15 | 2 " | 25c | " |
| A Case for Sherlock Holmes | | 10 | 1 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| The Farmerette | | 7 | 2 " | 25c | " |
| Getting the Range | | 8 | 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| Her First Assignment | | 10 | 1 " | 15c | " |
| Hitty's Service Flag | | 11 | 1 1/4 " | 25c | " |
| Joint Owners in Spain | | 4 | 1/2 " | 25c | \$5.00 |
| A King's Daughter | | 11 | 2 " | 25c | Free |
| The Knitting Club Meets | | 9 | 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| A Lady to Call | | 3 | 1/2 " | 15c | " |
| Leave it to Polly | | 11 | 1 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| The Minute Man | | 13 | 1 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| Miss Fearless & Co. | | 10 | 2 " | 25c | " |
| A Modern Cinderella | | 16 | 1 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| Moth-Balls | | 3 | 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| Rebecca's Triumph | | 16 | 2 " | 25c | " |
| The Thirteenth Star | | 9 | 1 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| Twelve Old Maids | | 15 | 1 " | 25c | " |
| An Awkward Squad | 8 | | 1/4 " | 15c | " |
| The Blow-Up of Algernon Blow | 8 | | 1/2 " | 15c | " |
| The Boy Scouts | 20 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| A Close Shave | 6 | | 1/2 " | 15c | " |
| The First National Boot | 7 | 2 | 1 " | 15c | " |
| A Half-Back's Interference | 10 | | 3/4 " | 15c | " |
| His Father's Son | 14 | | 1 3/4 " | 25c | " |
| The Man With the Nose | 8 | | 3/4 " | 15c | " |
| On the Quiet | 12 | | 1 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| The People's Money | 11 | | 1 3/4 " | 25c | " |
| A Regular Rah! Rah! Boy | 14 | | 1 3/4 " | 25c | " |
| A Regular Scream | 11 | | 1 3/4 " | 25c | " |
| Schmerecase in School | 9 | | 1 " | 15c | " |
| The Scoutmaster | 10 | | 2 " | 25c | " |
| The Tramps' Convention | 17 | | 1 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| The Turn in the Road | 9 | | 1 1/2 " | 15c | " |
| Wanted—A Pitcher | 11 | | 1/2 " | 15c | " |
| What They Did for Jenkins | 14 | | 2 " | 25c | " |
| Aunt Jerusha's Quilting Party | 4 | 12 | 1 1/4 " | 25c | " |
| The District School at Blueberry Corners | 12 | 17 | 1 " | 25c | " |
| The Emigrants' Party | 24 | 10 | 1 " | 25c | " |
| Miss Prim's Kindergarten | 10 | 11 | 1 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| A Pageant of History | Any number | | 2 " | 25c | " |
| The Revel of the Year | " | " | 3/4 " | 15c | " |
| Scenes in the Union Depot | " | " | 1 " | 25c | " |
| Taking the Census in Bingville | 14 | 8 | 1 1/2 " | 25c | " |
| The Village Post-Office | 22 | 20 | 2 " | 25c | " |
| Women in War | | 11 | 1/2 " | 15c | " |

BAKER, 5 Hamilton Place, Boston, Mass.



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Plays for

| | | | | | Royalty |
|---------------------------------|-----------------|-------|-------|-----|---------|
| | 0 014 211 962 6 | | | | Special |
| The Air Spy | 0 | 4 | 2 | 25c | \$5.00 |
| Bachelor Hall | 11 | 7 | 2 1/2 | 25c | Free |
| The College Chap | 6 | 3 | 2 | 25c | " |
| The Colonel's Maid | 4 | 4 | 1 1/2 | 25c | " |
| Daddy | 6 | 6 | 2 1/2 | 25c | " |
| The Deacon's Second Wife | 10 | 6 | 2 | 25c | " |
| The District Attorney | 5 | 5 | 2 | 25c | " |
| The Dutch Detective | 5 | 2 | 1/2 | 15c | " |
| An Easy Mark | 4 | 3 | 2 | 25c | " |
| The Elopement of Ellen | 5 | 11 | 1 1/2 | 25c | " |
| Engaged by Wednesday | 7 | 2 | " | 25c | " |
| The Farmerette | 5 | 4 | 2 | 15c | " |
| For One Night Only | 11 | 5 | 2 | 50c | Special |
| Hamilton | 5 | 4 | 2 | 15c | Free |
| Higbee of Harvard | 11 | 1 1/4 | " | 25c | " |
| Hitty's Service Flag | 6 | 12 | 2 | 25c | " |
| The Hoodoo | 9 | 9 | 2 | 25c | " |
| The Hurdy Gurdy Girl | 4 | 8 | 1 1/2 | 25c | " |
| Katy Did | 3 | 5 | 2 | 50c | Special |
| Let's Get Married | 10 | 3 | 2 | 15c | Free |
| London Assurance | 6 | 9 | 2 | 25c | " |
| Lost a Chaperon | 3 | 4 | 1/2 | 15c | " |
| The Man from Brandon | 7 | 3 | 2 1/2 | 25c | Special |
| The Man Who Went | 46 | 5 | 1 1/2 | 25c | Free |
| The Man Without a Country | 4 | 1 | 1 1/2 | 50c | " |
| Master Pierre Patella | 5 | 4 | 2 | 15c | " |
| Me and Otis | 13 | 1 1/2 | " | 25c | " |
| The Minute Man | 11 | 10 | 1 1/2 | 15c | " |
| Mose | 3 | 4 | 1 1/2 | 15c | " |
| Mr. Bob | 4 | 7 | 2 | 25c | " |
| Mrs. Briggs of the Poultry Yard | 15 | 4 | 2 1/2 | 50c | \$10.00 |
| Nathan Hale | 8 | 3 | 2 | 25c | Free |
| Nephew or Uncle | 8 | 8 | 2 1/2 | 25c | " |
| Professor Pepp | 6 | 4 | 2 | 25c | " |
| A Regiment of Two | 3 | 4 | 1 1/2 | 15c | " |
| The Revenge of Shari-Hot-Su | 9 | 5 | 2 1/2 | 15c | " |
| The Rivals | 5 | 1 | 2 | 25c | " |
| The Romancers | 16 | 5 | 1 1/4 | 25c | " |
| The Rose and the Ring | 3 | 4 | 1 1/2 | 25c | " |
| Sally Lunn | 12 | 4 | 2 1/2 | 15c | " |
| The School for Scandal | 15 | 4 | 2 1/2 | 15c | " |
| She Stoops to Conquer | 4 | 10 | 2 | 25c | " |
| Step Lively | 7 | 4 | 2 | 25c | Special |
| The Submarine Shell | 9 | 1 1/2 | " | 25c | Free |
| The Thirteenth Star | 6 | 3 | 2 1/2 | 25c | " |
| The Time of His Life | 3 | 5 | 1 1/2 | 25c | " |
| Tommy's Wife | 6 | 7 | 1 1/2 | 60c | " |
| The Twig of Thorn | | | | | |

For "special" royalties, see catalogue descriptions for detailed information.

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